

LAW OUTLAW'D:
Or, A SHORT
R E P L Y
TO

Mr. *Law's* Long DECLAMATION
against the STAGE.

WHEREIN

The Wild Rant, Blind Passion, and False Reasoning of that Piping-hot PHARISEE are made apparent to the meanest Capacity.

Together with

An Humble PETITION to the Governours of the *Incurable Ward* of *Bethlehem* to take pity on the poor distracted Authors of the Town, and not suffer 'em to terrify Mankind at this rate.

Written at the Request of the Orange-Women, and for the Publick Good, by the impartial Pen of Mrs. S — O —, a Lover of both Houses.

R L O N D O N,

Printed for the Benefit of the *Candle-Snuffers*, and sold by the *Booksellers* of *London* and *Westminster*. 1726.
(Price Four Pence.)

LAW OUTLAWD:

OF A SPOKE

REFLECT

TO

Mr. Lee's Long Declaration
against the STAGE

HERIN

The Wild Race, Blind Fashion, and False Race
forming of that Republic of the Pharisae and
made apparent to the mortal Capacity.

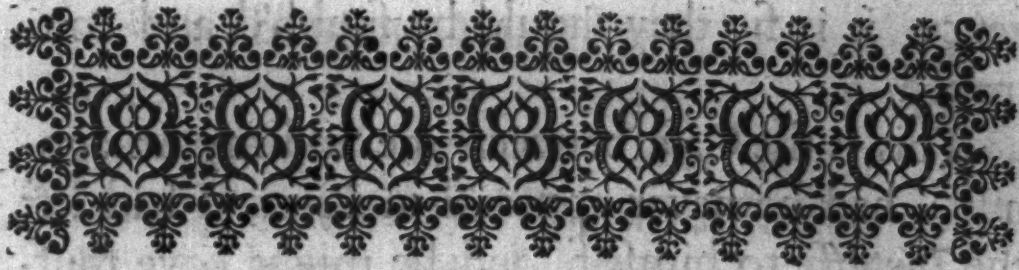


An humble Petition to the Government
of the Academy of the British Museum to take pity
on the poor, distressed Authors of the Town, and
not suffer them to starve in their poverty.

Written at the Request of the Orange-Women, and
for the British Good, by the immortal Pen of
Mrs. S. G. — a Sister of the Nation.

LONDON

Printed for the Benefit of the Orange-Women, and sold by
the Publishers of London and Westminster, 1793.
(Printed for the)



A SHORT
REPLY
TO
Mr. L A W.



EN of Caprice and Whim may be indulg'd in particular Humours so long as they are not mischievous. It is a Compliment the well bred part of Mankind pay to Madmen and Children, not to contradict them in their little Oddnesses ; but when they grow troublesome, and presume too far on the World's Indulgence,

gence, it is fit they should be snubb'd and controul'd.

This is the Case between me and my Antagonist ; had he never appear'd in Print, I had left the *Tartuffe* to himself, and he might have snuffed against the Stage to this Day unmolested, but when he presumes thus publicly to libel and defame my favourite Diversion, he is insupportable ; nor shall I suffer the *Wall-Eyed* Hypocrite to pass unchastised.

This Man, of a Temper abstracted from all that's gay and generous, looks with an evil Eye on the innocent Diversions of other People, and, like some of the old primitive Puritans, cannot bear to see any body merry. He would have all Mankind come into his gloomy rigid way of thinking ; and is so positive of being in the right, that he tells us his Arguments against the Stage are as strong and plain as any that can be urged against the Worship of Images ; when, alas, if Image-Worship had not found more powerful Antagonists than the Stage has of Mr. *Law*, we had all kiss'd the Pope's Toe to this Day.

For,

For, begging Mr. *Law's* Pardon, I cannot come into his way of arguing. He first begs the Question, and then takes it for granted. Having thus palmed his own Assertion upon his Readers, he very modestly draws his own Inferences, and remains, as he imagines unanswerable : But I must confess I think far otherwise ; I never read a more unfair Reasoner, his Arguments are strained beyond the pitch of Truth ; they are too chimerical to have any effect on thinking People ; and are only calculated to terrify Persons whose Consciences and Capacities are feeble and tender.

These he frightens with *Bull-beggars* and *Raw-head* and *Bloodybones*, tells 'em a long *Rig-may-Roll* of dancing Devils and singing Devils, of the Devil's Ground, the Devil's House, and the Devil and all : Surely the Devil and he are great Cronies, the Word Devil being in almost every other Line of his Book. But let those be scar'd with his *Bugbears* who fear the Devil ; for my part I defy him and all his Works, of which *Law's* Book is no small part, being written at his Instigation.

For who but a Man of a devilish Temper, puff'd up with a superstitious Self-sufficiency, and blinded with the Madness of false Zeal, would have flown in the Face of the Government, and thus publicly affronted all Mankind. Is it not enough for him he is indulg'd in his own Whims, but he must dart his oblique Reflections against his Superiours, and that in so scandalous, so vile a Manner ?

In his ninth Page he tells us 'tis as unlawful to go to a Play as to assist and reward a Man for renouncing a Christian Life ; and that to approve, assist, or encourage a Player, is as evidently sinful as to encourage a Man in stealing. That Players are as bad as Thieves and Murderers ; and, That the Business of a Player (*Pag.* 10.) is one of the most abominable of Crimes.

If so, why are not the Players hang'd as well as Thieves and Murderers ? and why are they conniv'd at in the most abominable of Crimes ? and why are not their Encouragers and Abettors taken out of the Pit, Boxes, &c! and brought to condign Punishment ?

This

This is what he drives at; nor dare I draw the Inference he so artfully insinuates-- --But I deny his every Assertion, and affirm to his teeth, that,

I. The Business of a Player is so far from being the most abominable of Crimes, it is repugnant neither to divine or human Law.

II. That Persons may go to hear Plays, and not be guilty of Crimes equivalent to Murder, Theft, &c.

III. That Mr. *Law* is more guilty than Players or their Audiences.

My first Assertion may be easily proved, there being no particular Text of Scripture against Players or Playhouses; nor is there any Allusion that can carry the least Hint that way: Now we may very justly presume that if our Saviour had esteem'd Playhouses or Players pernicious, they had been specify'd in his Doctrines, which are doubtless the whole Summary of the new Law, and never escap'd his particular Notice, especially when in his time there was a most magnificent Theatre in *Jerusalem*; but, far from that,
he

he chose rather to lash such Hypocrites as *Law*, and cry, *Wo unto you Scribes and Pharisees, &c.* *Mat. xxiii. 14-----29.*

I must entreat the Reader to turn to this Chapter, and he will find in that most excellent Denunciation the Picture of my Antagonist most exactly drawn ; our Saviour's express Words being so severe a Satire upon such *Pharisees*, that he needs no other Confutation, and if he has any Grace or Shame left, his Mouth must be stop'd, and himself acknowledge his own Impertinence.

I shall pass over St. *Paul's* Quotation from *Menander*, and many other Authorities I could produce in Vindication of the Stage, having, as I humbly presume, fairly confuted his first Proposition, upon which his whole whimsical System is founded.

As for human Laws, ever since there have been Players and Playhouses in *England*, they have been under the immediate Protection and Encouragement of the Government, a number of them at this present time being sworn into his Majesty's actual Service, under the Title of *His Majesty's Company of COMEDIANS*: If so, how impudent is *Law* to compare such Persons with Thieves,

Thieves, &c. and at the same time to make their Encouragers as bad as themselves ? I leave his most unmannerly, unjust, and disloyal Conclusion to Imagination, as not fit to flow from the Pen of a Subject or a Christian.

It is evident, the Royal Family, the Nobility, and, in a word, the Chief of the *English* Nation have been at Plays ; nay, some Men of Learning and Probity much superiour to Mr. *Law* have wrote Plays ; and others as good Christians and as strict Livers as Mr. *Law* have acted Plays : I dare oppose Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Mills*, and several other Actors, in their private Characters, to Mr. *Law*, or any other canting Hypocrite whatever. If Players are such Reprobates, why are they admitted to the Sacrament, or even into the Church ? But Mr. *Law* not only arraigns the Legislature, but the Clergy for not coming into his whimsical Notions.

Since therefore Theatres are not contrary to divine or human Laws, what must we think of this Madman, who rails at Theatres till he foams again. But his own Words are his best Condemnation. He exclaims against personating,

B

or

or drawing Characters, and yet himself draws three Characters under the borrow'd Names of *Lovis*, *Trebonia*, and *Fucunda*. This is the very Sin he cries out against, yet cannot see the Beam in his own Eye. But I shall set him in a right light, and from direct Quotations furnish the Town with a little Comedy written by this Puritan, which I shall call, *The BRITISH TARTUFFE: Or, The LUNATICK ZEALOT:* And which I hope to get acted the Beginning of the Winter. Till when I humbly take leave of the Town, and remain

Their Humble Servant,

S. O.



To the Worshipful the Governours
of the incurable Ward of *Beth-*
lehem.

The Humble PETITION of several Hundreds of
Merchants, Shopkeepers, and other Inhabitants
paying Scot and Lot, in the Cities of London
and Westminster,

S H E W E T H,

THAT your Petitioners cannot without
great Grief of Mind behold the poor
distracted Authors of the Town running thro'
the publick Streets. Some haring and staring,
with Looks and Actions wild as savage Creatures,
over-run our Children, overturn our Wares,
break our Show-boards, beat down the perambu-
lating Venders of Fruit, Fish, &c. and scatter
their Goods about the Streets. Others, with
Eyes fix'd to the Ground, muttering to them-

B 2 selves,

selves, regardless of Danger, put us in the utmost pain, out of mere Pity for our Fellow-Creatures, whom we expect every Minute to be run over by Coaches, Carts, Drays, &c. whose Drivers know no Mercy. It is a piteous Sight to see these poor unhappy Wretches beating, bruising, and stunning themselves, by running full-butt against Posts, Pumps, &c. by tumbling Head-foremost into Cellars, Vaults, &c. to the endangering their Necks, and the Terror of all Spectators who have the least Humanity. And what is worse, these poor Wretches infatuate our Youth with the contagious Spirit of Poetry, insomuch that our Book-keepers, Apprentices, &c. are making Verses, when they should be about our Business. Even those who write not themselves, spend half their time in reading Legends, Romances, Plays, Poems, and Pamphlets, to the great detriment of Trade, and Prejudice of the Publick.

We therefore recommend to your Charity a distracted Clerk lately come from *Ireland*, who runs up and down the Streets, crying *Pudding and Dumpling ! Pudding and Dumpling !* which Cry sends all our young People directly to the Cupboard, insomuch that we are in a manner eat out of House and Home.

The

The next Object is poor *Mad Bess*, who in a romantic manner calls herself *ELIZA*. This unhappy Gentlewoman is run distracted with Legends, Romances, and Adventures, and has the *Cacoethes Scribendi* so strong upon her, that if due care be not timely taken, the poor Creature will certainly write herself to Death.

The next Object is a little fat *Sonnetteer*, who went mad for the Love of *Sally in our Alley*. This poor Soul runs up and down wild from one End of the Town to the other, singing and smiling to himself, and cannot see a *Card* but he'll make a Song upon it. He is a walking Library, carrying always a Porter's Load of Music-Books; insomuch that what with his Burdens, what with his Fat, and what with his violent Motion in walking, he will certainly fry himself to death before *Midsummer*, if he is not taken in.

There is likewise one *Hillarius*, a Gentleman-like sort of Man, but as mad as a *March Hare* (the more the Pity.) He is a *Plain-Dealer*, and scruples not to tell every one their own, and ought therefore to be secur'd, Truth not being to be spoken at all times.

We must likewise recommend a poor distracted *Caledonian* Physician as a fit Object of your Charity. This unhappy Creature fancies himself a Prophet, and gives out Warnings of a *Fear of Wonders*, of *white Bears*, and *wild Men*, to the Terror and Amazement of his Majesty's liege Subjects.

But above all we beg you to take immediately into your Care a poor lunatick Master of Arts, who raves like a Madman, preaching D---n to all Mankind, especially such who go to Plays, Opera's, or other theatrical Entertainments. This Man writes without Fear or Wit, and what is worse, finds out Persons as mad as himself to print what he writes; so that if he is not immediately taken care of, we shall certainly be overrun with Pamphlets, especially if he should follow the Example of some late Writers, and answer his own Works,

We could offer numberless other Objects of Compassion; Poets, Politicians, Projectors, Painters, Musicians, Stockjobbers, &c. but well knowing that all the Hospitals in *London* cannot contain them, we wait with Patience till the Legislature shall make proper Provision.

We

We are but too apprehensive this well intended Petition will meet with great Opposition from certain Printers and Stationers, as also from Pastry-Cooks, Trunk-Makers, and other Dealers in Waste-Paper; but we hope the Publick Good will over-rule all private Advantage, and that your Worships, in your great Wisdom and Compassion, will take pity on these poor miserable Objects, which will very much conduce to the publick Tranquillity.

And Your Petitioners shall ever pray.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N, Printed for A. Moore near
St. Paul's. 1726.



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